Mead

70 SHEETS

COLLEGE RULED

10½x 8in / 26.6 x 20.3cm

1 SUBJECT NOTEBOOK

VALUE QUALITY

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Man with a Van

I was rolling up Castro Street feeling lost lonely and depressed one early evening in September 1977. It was a typical San Francisco evening - chilly, foggy with a light breeze. I was wearing a black shirt which befitted my Hamlet esque mood. Suddenly a voice came from behind me, "Aren't you cold out there?" I turned around. A hunky full bearded man was leaning out the ~~door~~ window of a large white van and smiling at me. "No," I said hurriedly. At first I was afraid. He asked me some questions about my motorized wheelchair - how long do the batteries last, how often did I have to charge them up, and so on. Quite often total strangers stop and ask me such questions because they have a ailing relative who needs a chair. I thought perhaps this guy has an elderly parent who needed a chair; but he ~~never~~ never mentioned. Our conversation soon petered out and I went on my way up the street. Then a voice inside me said, "Stop. Go back. He likes you." So I went back "You know," I said, "maybe I am cold, after all." He opened the door of the van and lifted me into the back of the van. I made out a color t.v., an electric hot plate, a folding table, a bed and a chiffarobe. Except for the driver's and

passenger — at the front, all the windows were covered with dark curtains, and once I got into the van, the man, whose name was Steve, drew curtains over the front windows too; it was then I knew I was in for my first ever sexual "encounter." I felt slightly nauseous, and wished I had a drink handy to give me the courage to go through with this. I began stroking his thigh. I could see he had a hard on under his tight black jeans. I reached for his cock, tried to unzip his fly. Every time I reached out he took my wrist in his strong hairy fist and pushed me away. This happened a number of times and each time I got more and more turned on. I instinctively began to lick his hand. I smelled sex. He had deftly hit a cigar with his other hand. He was laughing delightedly flashing his perfect white teeth and puffing on his cigar. The next thing I knew I was tied to the steering wheel. Every now and then he'd prick me lightly but not enough to hurt me. He was in total command. I was his slave. I have never been so turned on in all my life. This was it romance fantasy; this was actually happening. Needless to say, this was oddly not a disappointment. Eventually we both unwound down and he looked at me smiling and gently asked "You give good head?" I winked.

Weekend. He remarked on the pretty houses on my street, Henry Street. He was a painter and carpenter and restored houses. As soon as we got to my front door, I pulled out my keys. My hand was shaking. Damn, I thought, not wishing to show how nervous I was. As soon as we were inside, I opened the bottle, he took off his fly and out popped the biggest cock I've ever seen (then or since!). He presented it to my not so eager mouth. I liked it half-heartedly, afraid to take it in my mouth, afraid I would gag; "Why don't we take off our clothes, and get close to each other?" This made me feel so tender towards him. "Aroused up by the wine I was able to talk about having O. which in those days I could never do so easily. "How did you know to be so strong and yet so gentle with me in bed?" I am. You only hurt me a little bit, enough to turn me on." It should have done. Pre-med in college he said, and knew all about O. In my drunken haze I thought "This is the realm of my dreams, and on my first night too! What incredible luck!" He was 5 months older than me, just like a baby's. He was beautifully chiseled. I lay in his arms. I felt

totally safe with him. When I think of this whole episode now, I realize just what a risky situation I had just myself in. Being so small and with fragile bones, an unknowing horny (or drunk) man could easily have taken advantage of me, accidentally broken my bones. ~~and so on~~. Now if I take a stranger home (this happens very rarely) I am, of course, ~~doubly~~ more alert to the vibes the guy is putting out, and I tell the man about my O.J. right away. How lucky I was to have lovely Gene as "my first." Gene. After we got dressed, he said he had to go back to Phoenix that night so we kept my house and I walked him back to his van. As we hugged goodbye he said, "Next time I'll give you lessons." I was embarrassed; of course he knew it was my sexual debut. I watched him drive away into the dark with a heavy heart. For weeks afterwards, every time I caught sight of a long, white van, my heart missed a beat. Has he decided to come back to San Francisco? Then I would go to a bar and drown my sorrows. I've been looking for a replacement Gene ever since. He has written to me from Phoenix for the duration - always postcards in neat ink with wonderful handwriting with elaborate flourishes. He signs the cards "Love Gene and the dog." ~~Toodaloo~~

Three

~~Ten~~ years ago, I was rolling up Cortez street towards Market feeling lonely, blue, and with a bad cold and hopeless. There at the corner stood an elderly handsome man with a full white beard and a jaunty tail. He called to me "Are you an English poet by any chance?" "Yes, I replied, ~~"I~~ "I think I was once. " It was about eighteen years ago. " It was gone. He looked wonderful. He had his beard, I had a coughing fit. The Fates were against us that night. I would have asked him to my place, but as I explained to him, I felt too ill. We did have dinner together — omelettes at "Orphan Andy's" — and caught up with each other. He still does construction in Phoenix. He's lonely I think but he does alright. He was in the city just for two days for the Cortez Street Fair. My therapist has suggested I put an ad in the personals. Maybe I'll start with "Wanted: Man with a Van." ~~But not all men with vans are straightforward, sexy and kind~~ like Hoyle. Maybe I'll come to visit soon. Will see. Hope

Man with a Van

I was rolling up Castro Street, feeling lost, lonely and depressed one evening in September 1977. It was a typical San Francisco fall evening - chilly, foggy, with a light breeze. I was wearing a black shirt, which I had chosen deliberately to fit my Hamletesque mood. Suddenly, a voice came from behind me: "Aren't you cold out there?" A husky, full bearded man was leaning out the window of a large white van and smiling at me. "No," I replied hurriedly; despite his amiable appearance I was afraid at first. Then he asked me some questions about my motorized wheelchair - how long did the batteries last, how often did I have to charge them up, and so on. Total strangers often stop and ask me questions about the chair usually because they have an ailing relative who might need one. I assumed this guy was one of those and but no ailing relative was mentioned; our conversation soon petered out and I went on my way. Then a voice inside me said: "Stop. Go back. He likes you!" So I went back, and too shy to look him in the eyes, I said "You know I guess I am kinda cold after all." He opened the front door of the van, I unbuckled my seat belt and

he lyfted me gently and easily into the back. I was amazed at what I saw. It was like a little apartment in there: there were a bed, a color t.v. a folding table, an electric stove and a Chihuahua dog. Except for the front seats all the windows were covered by dark drapes. Once I got myself comfortable in the front seat, he drew the curtains on the front windows as well. It was then I realized I was in for my first ever sexual encounter. I felt nauseous with apprehension and guilt. I had a drink handy to give me the courage to go through with this whole thing calmly. I began stroking his thigh and careful reattest he immediately got a hard-on under his tight black jeans. I reached for his cock and tried to unzip his fly. He took my wrist in his strong, hairy fists and pushed me away. I reached again. He pushed me away again. His hotness over and over with increasing rapidity. I got somewhat wetly more and more turned on till I had a hard-on. I began begging for him to let me have it. Cackling he said "No! No!" I smelled smoke. I looked up. He had lit a cigar and deftly with his left hand was toying at me delightedly, flashing his brilliantly

white teeth at me. By this time I was excited to distraction.

While all this was going on, my friend Nance who is a gay landscaper and does garden work in the city on the weekends, happened to be passing by. He ~~saw me~~ recognized my chair, empty, on the sidewalk. "Either there's been a mugging, hell right or Chris has been ~~ab~~ abducted!" I guess he was right on both counts. I had been "abducted", albeit willingly, and that, I realized at the time was indeed a miracle. Nance is a dear friend who "keeps an eye out for me" and because he was worried headed both towards my place in the hopes of running into me (pedals in a different chair) on the way. By this time the man whose name was Gene, had stuck me to the steering wheel. I was completely at his command and I loved it. I wasn't at all afraid now, ~~hysterically~~ instinctively I trusted him. Every now and then he would punch me hard, enough to hurt but not enough to ~~hurt~~ maim me. He'd punch a muscle between my ribs — "How did he know how not to hurt my brittle bones?" I wondered. This wasn't a fantasy; this was actually happening. I didn't have to pinch myself to check if all this was real — Gene did it for me!

Neither of us came so I felt horribly inept but I knew that just to be with a man in a sexual situation was an enormous stride for me psychologically (I was in therapy at the time!). Eventually, we both seemed down. This what must be what is usually referred to as foreplay, I thought. Suddenly, Gene turned to me and asked "You give good head?" I wasn't quite sure what this meant although I knew it had something to do with oral sex. If it meant my sucking his cock, the thought terrified me; if it meant his sucking mine, the thought repulsed me (I have since learnt the joys of both techniques). "Yes," I replied uncertainly. "Why don't we go to your place?" he suggested. I told him I would need some wine before we did that. "Why?" he asked. I thought that was the stupidest question I'd ever heard. Anyway I persuaded him to go to the liquor store on the way to my apartment, but the store was closed. I felt panicky, I couldn't go through with this without some Dutch courage even though I felt safe with Gene even though I loved him. The only other place I could think of where I could get wine would be the Safeway

which was, and still is, a long walk away but I had to have my booze. As we went into the Safeway after what seemed like an eternity of a walk (in reality 2 hours I suppose) I was to tense I couldn't speak and Steve (a man of few words anyway) we finally entered the colored building and I prayed (to a God I don't believe in) to find the liquor shelves quickly. I bought Taylor white wine made in New York I remember - I didn't care whether it was bad or good so long as it relaxed me. Perhaps they could open the bottle for me at the counter I thought, and I could have a swig there and then. No that's crazy, I thought and I knew I had a corkscrew at home, only four blocks to go. My hand was shaking so violently, I had to ask Steve to unlock the front door for me. On the way to my home we had made polite conversation. He remarked on the beauty of the Victorian houses on my street and told me he did construction work and restored houses whenever he could.

351 Turk St. #701
San Francisco
Ca 94102
8/29/98

In response to your response to my friend Marianne Bowra's letter to Sen. Barbara Boxer about my desiring requesting a Congressional Enquiry into my permanent alien residency application, I am enclosing a comprehensive via history during the twenty four years of my being in the country.

As you know from Ms. Bowra's letter I was granted eligibility for permanent alien residency on March by Judge Betty Stanton at

I wish to remain in the country and in California and in San Francisco especially because it is the most convenient and wheelchair place (probably in the world). I have been in a wheelchair since my late years old. I have a brittle bone condition called osteogenesis imperfecta. In 2 words.

1974 I came to California on an Education Abroad Scholarship to U.C. Davis. I graduated from UCD in 1976 with an MA in English. I then attended San Francisco State University 5

Graduate Program in Creative Writing for three years because, having taken a number of creative writing classes at UC Davis and UC Berkeley (studying with, among others, Seamus Heaney (Nobel laureate 1993), Thom Gunn, Ishmael Reed and Jack Anson Burgess), I decided to become a professional writer. At S.F. State I taught Creative Writing to undergraduates, loved it, and decided to earn my living as a college professor. In order to improve my chances of a good job in my field I decided to transfer to the most prestigious Creative Writing Program in the country: the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop. I graduated with an M.F.A. (Master of Fine Arts) in Creative Writing (Poetry) from the University of Iowa in 1981. On graduating from Univ. of Iowa, I moved to Manhattan and while searching for a teaching job kept myself busy fulfilling another of my dreams — attending an Art College of Art (my mother is a professional painter in England). I studied at the Arts Students' League in Manhattan from 1982-84. From Oct '84 I received my diploma in Art from there (Fellowship) in

1984. From 1974–84 I was on an F-1 visa. In 1982 I received a job as Adjunct professor of English at Pace University (J-1 visa) and also taught evening classes ~~on the same thing at~~ in creative writing at Marymount Manhattan College from ~~1892~~ 1982–84. I resigned from Pace in 1984 because the commute from the Upper West Side to the Wall Street area proved to be too strenuous and expensive. In 1984 I became Adjunct Professor of English at John Jay College of Criminal Justice where I taught composition classes (writing skills) to undergraduates for ten years on an H1-B visa. In 1985 I received a position of Adjunct Professor of English at Fordham University at Lincoln Center where I taught Creative Writing (poetry writing workshops) and composition for nine years. In 1994 I was promoted to Adjunct Assistant Professor of English (the first Adjunct Professor to be so promoted in the history of the Liberal Arts Division at Fordham). In 1993 I suffered a stroke leaving my left side much weaker than before, causing loss of peripheral vision on the left side and short term memory loss. While

I have learned to compensate through various learning techniques for the latter disability, I do get tired easier than prior to my stroke and by 1994 found the stress of Manhattan just unbearable. Also the rent on my apartment increased to $950 a month, and since the maximum I earned from two jobs was $22,000 per annum, I could no longer afford to live on the Upper West Side. Moving to New Jersey or the Boroughs would have meant less stress and expensive commute, so I decided to come home to San Francisco where the cost of living is lower, the pace slower and the streets and transportation (M.V. Van accessible subways etc buses etc) are relatively wheelchair friendly. ~~English~~ Since my stroke I am forced to get around in a motorized chair. In England there are no curbcuts, accessible housing and the only housing available are ~~disabled~~ "ghettoes" for the disabled as the elderly. I love this country. My friends, my support groups (I am the son of a violent alcoholic father) are all here NOW. I consider myself American - I have always paid my taxes and stayed "legal" except

for a brief period in the eighties (read later for explanation) an ~~convict~~ ~~rapist~~ a fine upstanding citizen by friends and colleagues alike. I need to be relieved of the anxiety of being without a green card as soon as possible. I cannot go home to visit my ailing step-one year-old mother until I get permanent alien residency. I realize that I will get it ~~eventually~~ ~~I want to~~ having been made eligible but please, do what you can to speed up the process in my particular case.

In 1985 I lost my passport and thus my I-151 visa. Despite after numerous attempts to reinstate retention of legal status via several Manhattan lawyers, I finally, by going to Montreal for a brief visit on 4/19/91 was granted an H1B to work at Ford from and I shall say.

Time Rebirth Recovery

Environment. 6 pm Wed: 2½ hrs before meeting. 1st thing Jan — get new pen. Has blood pressure checked. Post poem changed at typists. Want to get to call Editor to get her address so can mail her new poem. Left message. 7pm – 8 time to write the new overseas poem, close to a 2 stop "press" post, but [illegible] reading 2 [illegible] Unmanageable. Talley to Jane to [illegible] 2 [illegible] to work on poem – [illegible] v. done to work. work runs [illegible] more than usually to Jane. Could not tell Jane I must get rid to work on the [illegible] left. I finish poem. Need to tell the [illegible] v/ Jane's to [illegible] relevant.

Balance lost balance.
Roll by Wednesday Wrote check list [illegible] Love keep [illegible] How do you [illegible] check list 8th.

Ideal Day

10 am. Wake. Breakfast in bed
10 30-2pm Nap.
230-3. lunch Cafe Flore.
3-5. Write at S.I.
6-8 Teach. Creative Writing at HHC.
830-930. Meeting
930-10. go home
1030. Shower and bed

Thanking You, San Francisco

Back For want of anything else to do
while I wait for the subway train
I get to chatting with a straight man
in a business suit, who tells me he
was born here. "Lucky you," I say.
"I dislike hippies." What with all these
gays parading about.
"Oh, what?" I ask.
"They take it too far, they flaunt
flaunt their sexuality. Like they do."
But as we pass a window in which
that lobster (I check out from
rainy eyes) does not appear to be
He looks at me as though I were
a pervert because I am hanging from
the Surelip Enterprise.
I get on my train, leaving him
Sucking and blowing on his hand.
Of course he didn't "get it."
You don't come.
I'm proud now to
thank you, San Francisco,
for helping me love myself
enough to stand up
in however small a way
for my gay brothers and
sisters, and for letting me
love myself.

Visa history

F1 - U.C. Davis 1974 - 1976.

F-1 - SF State 1976-79

Vol Issues 79-81

Arts Students League / New York 81-82

J-1 - Pace University (Westchester) 1982-84.

J-1 ~~Fordham~~ John Jay College 1984 - 85

1985 Lost passport out of status till 1990.

Have H-1B Fordham University (adjunct professor) 1990-1993

1993 - present Green Card status.

Granted Work Authorization Card 1998, permanent resident eligibility May 1998.

40

1.5

160

200

1800

2 1/2 50

140

10

1st Step.

Housing

1989. Rent went up to 750. Instead of looking for cheaper place in earnest. got 4 months behind in rent; kept subterranean to all letter for money; became afraid to even go to landlord. 3 day notice; eviction notice. Finally found one for 400. Moved out without paying rent or arranging payments. Once or twice to make arrangements owed $3,600. Sam manager he says what bad kept? Never has to pay $.

1991 Hates roommate. Refuses to look for new apt till asked to move out by landlord/roommate. Moved out 1 day after deadline. Landlord harasses; charges for each day.

Nov 91 Moved to new place, $850. more than could afford - magically, simple money could come. Had to work 3 jobs to pay rent. Raised up to $950

1994. Owed $4500. Moved to new landlords with debts. No one sues, 3 day notice, Eviction notice. Cost $7,000 from mother. Used it to leave state for S.F without paying rent.

Turning Point.
Ideal Day.

1st Step.

Joint account

Never balances cheque book.
When dealing loses cheques deliberately -
Monthly forms all amounts - supermarket. Men
look at it at store stores

Steady, Style records & books: shop &
help of Capitalist pig big stores.

Borrowing 1976. Borrowed £5 from friend who to
get new off. Bought tapes etc. instead of
arranging to pay back it. Inflation.
ended up absorbing friend. Hurt friend.
1991 Borrowed £5 from parents/boyfriend;
instead of asking Mother for help. Bought
wood etc. Rich Mama. Hurt to ask
friend & boyfriend for what. Lucky &
hurt friend.

Spendants from friends constantly -
always remember excuse. Guilt help
we can't. Cheated friends. Bad to
parents home.

Staying w/ friends - Wish to write myself for
boredom & friends instead of sorry for
hotel - outings & shopping. Always
host your friend (Paris 76).

When Tenimka Dance

~~When Tenimka~~

When Tenimka twirl,
She make you dizzy;
When Tenimka disco,
She make your soda fizzy;
When Tenimka bow,
She kiss the earth;
When Tenimka jump,
She reach the Stars;
When Tenimka finish,
She bow, she smile,
And you say, "Beautiful!"

The Food of Love

Love's Ecstasy

Chicken Soup — Still Breathing, The Sparrow's Psalm

Lines Written after seeing Vermeer's Officer and Laughing Girl

16th Cent — ~~Changeling~~ ? The Favorite Place

Love's Memory

The Recruit ← Pvt. Manuel

Lines Written after listening to a Recruit by Podesanka

16th Cent — Teaching in a city for foreigners.

Love's Enduring

Addiction ↖

The Request ← Midnight Serenade

He Tie ↑ Spanish 3 Plan

Love's Mystery

This Spring

Gentlemen

The Empty House — Villa-Lobos?

The Desk

French 5th On hearing to Josquin Des Prez.

MB → The Mysterious Barricades

~~Love's~~
The Food of Love

Love's Ecstasy
1- "Lines Written after Seeing Vermeer's 'Girl and Laughing Girl'"
2. The Sparrow
3 Still Breathing "
Chicken Soup
Rain
~~The Fabulous Place~~
On Raggedstone Hill

Love's Memory
On listening to a recording by Paderewski
Gentleness
Timing
The Barefoot

Love's Ending
August
To a Friend Who Has Not Written
Teaching in a City Far from You
Autumn
Midnight Serenade. Addiction
The Tie

Love's Mystery
Privilege of Friends
Valentine Day
On Listening to Joseph Reis Playing Othello
This Spring
All I need to know
The Mysterious Romance

5-6 05 Talk w/ Jason
6-15 Jason upset
Get To Mtg

Senior Literary Editor of
A and U magazine (the journal
of literature and art about AIDS).

The Edwardian Years

They lived in one of history's breathless spaces - between the repression of Victoria and the tumult of the War, the beginning of the modern world. They had Victorian grandeur ~~still~~ - men with beards & flashing frock coats, still helped their women folk down from ~~carriages~~ horse-drawn carriages but the ladies spoke up & wore a shirt with a "D" can manage quite well by myself, thank you, dear. The ladies now wore flamboyant confections of hats - how to wear ostrich feathers, jet beads & ~~and~~ rakish angles and their gowns were tendered, hugging their long lean bodies like frail tubular bells, almost sexy when they showed a wisp of bosom, a curve of thigh, hints of the twenties rebellion to come. Ragtime pianos playing ~~that~~ restrained precursors of Jazz had just started topping (even the Ritz) under the saloon tables. There were lots of raised eyebrows, furtive goings on affairs; & although Oscar had his trials the very zest of his existence was a good sign. Elgar, still opulent, wrote long mighty stirring works and dark enough nostalgia for his lost youth pervades the Falstaff, underlying odd inventions - a group never he considered more important than his music.

King Bertie was the very devil of a ladies' man, but he was so adorable wasn't he, with his sparkling eyes, his long whiskers and the rose in his buttonhole? Rumours that Germany was war-hungry didn't bother us; we'd rescued those hearty Boers after all, even thought they'd given our poor Chelmsford to bits, their bones laid every Tuesday in their basket to calm the dotting mothers; they all had dotting mothers.

Now was a time of long, soft, twilights, a warm, low sun flushing the brick rose red between the vines while the swifts wheeled round the eaves' eyebrows like new-fangled planes.

The Edwardians

Why are we attracted to them?
Because they live in one of history's
breathing spaces - between
the reappearance of Victoria and the tumult
of the War, the beginning of the modern world.
They had Victorian elegance still
- men in top hats, dashing frock coats
still helped their womenfolk from
horse-drawn carriages, but the
ladies took up cycling while
with a "That's all right my dear,
I can manage." The ladies wore
flamboyant hats but their gowns
were slenderer - no whalebone yet to shed -
hugging their hourglass bones like frail
pastel shells. Of course Bertie
was too much the ladies man but he
was so adorable I can't help with his head,
his shiny eyes and the roses in his buttonhole?
Rumors of a future war coming were drummed.
We'd beaten those nasty Boers, that was
enough though they blew poor Charlie to
bits; they put his bones together so tenderly
in the box. They knew he had a doting
mother; they all had doting mothers. Now
was a time of long twilights, a warm
dark sun sinking the bricks to cerise between
the trees while mists heaped round
the roots like new fungus planes.

Elgar was still full of ardour and [illegible] the Malvern hills coming up with [illegible] symphonies and Brahmin engineers and old inventions - a loop rotor - ages then he fought for the powers of the new century.

Tonight Creative Writing ~~at~~ to P.W.A.S at Peter Cooper Community and Continuum AIDS resource center. His poems and translations have appeared in the New Yorker, the Advocate the New York Native

Poetry Writing Workshop

A workshop for beginners as well as well as those who have been writing for some time.

I will provide a supportive environment in which to share your work. I will use a variety of techniques ~~to stimulate writing~~ in class such as meditation, writing to music, automatic writing in order to access our creative "center" and topics such as news stories, photographs and other objects we bring to inspire you. We will give constructive feedback on one another's work and there will be a number of guest poets who will read their work to the class to give us poets perspectives.

Chris Hewitt's poems and translations have appeared in the New Yorker, the Advocate, Montana Women, Review Arts U magazine (edited by Senior Henry Eckel. He has published two chapbooks: the Threshold Et cetera and the

McCoolen, Rupp and a new chapbook, The Fool's Land will appear only next year.

~~Journal Writing~~
Memoir / Autobiography Workshop for PWA's and HIV-men.

I will provide a safe space in which we will access our feelings - both the joy and the pain - of being gay in the time of AIDS. I will use a variety of techniques, such as meditation and guided writing, listening to music, responding to photographs to get our writing "juices" flowing. The aim of the workshop is both creative and therapeutic — writing as a means of healing ourselves, and a way to help us confront — and, perhaps, overcome our daily struggles both today and in the past.

The Christopher Hewitt has published non-fiction in A as Magazine (Journal of Literature and Art) and was Senior literary Editor of the Fourth Wave

Writing For Our Lives

A Creative Writing Workshop for gay men with HIV and AIDS.

I will create a safe and supportive space in which we will get in touch with our creative selves and explore in writing our struggles, both the pain and the joys and the dangers of living with the disease. With the techniques such as meditation, writing about photographs, recording and writing by other writers with HIV, in order to get our creative juices flowing. While the aim of the class is primarily a therapeutic one, it will also be a writing workshop in the traditional sense with writing in class (on suggested topics, sometimes to a musical background), weekly homework assignments and group critiques, with comments from me and fellow writers.

The Instructor, Chris Hewitt has published two chapbooks of poems, The Careless Days and The Infinite Et Cetera, has an M.F.A. in Creative Writing from the University of Iowa Writers Workshop and has taught Creative Writing at Fordham University in New York City, and currently teaches English at the University of San Francisco and has

Lewis - Journalists

In the cafés of San Francisco you order tea. W.
"Hon, just as we were about to make love; you know, like really make love, he gets up and says "I have to get back to my paper!" Please give him Can you imagine? But did it. So I drink him right there. Then I said, I don't know you say the juice when her head is detached from her body. I can't tell.
"Do you like me?" He sent me two dozen, not one but two dozen long stem roses with a Sign "Just because it's Thursday and I love you WOW!" When will it happen to me? Ever?
It's the only reason I quit a clear blue sky.
Then are Lewis journalists reporting on their affairs

quite sure what this meant although I knew it had something to do with oral sex. If it meant my sucking his cock, the thought terrified me. If it meant his sucking mine, the thought repulsed me. (I have since learned the joys of both techniques). "Yes," I replied uncertainly. "Why don't we go to your place?" he suggested. I told him that I would need to buy some wine first. We went to the liquor store which was on the way to my apartment, but the store was closed. The only other place I could think of to get the wine was the Safeway which was quite a long walk. "Why do you need wine?" I thought that was the stupidest question I'd ever heard; I was too embarrassed to confess to him that this was my first time. As we went into the Safeway which was air conditioned, I became aroused. I decided (who knows why) to guide my pounding. I even planned to have (who I desired believing in) to guide me to the wine department as soon as possible. Perhaps he could uncork the bottle here in the Safeway. No, that was too crazy and besides, I knew I had a corkscrew at home. As we got closer and closer to my place, we made polite conversation. He was from Phoenix. He was visiting friends for the

9

Small White

We brighten ~~Ladybug to~~ any arrangement
~~with unpetaled~~ ~~We are~~ little princesses
~~We sparkle in company~~ ~~respectfully~~ spotlight
~~We~~ ~~just right~~ freedom ~~to~~ the
~~We~~ scintillate with laughter.

Brown

~~The judges~~ handkerchiefs
of Vincent Price or Clifton Webb,
and We are always in good
taste, (watch out!)
but in grown-ups we linger slowly,
We are lofty queens,
hatching some plot (you may
be sure).

Yellow.

~~Slightly~~ erect,
I ~~am~~ bridge between subtlety:
~~We are~~ candlelight
scent of night,
I ~~am~~ ~~an~~ endearing
shedding an ~~night~~ light;
but beware,
I ~~am~~ ~~a~~ hot,
I am ~~we are~~ quietly dangerous

Acknowledgements.

Thanks to Matt, friends and fellow Phis - lovers for giving me valuable information about the flowers and to Prue Everywhere for being themselves.

Scholarship Award

Thanks Tom Ott, Jr. and
our fellow Phi-Deltes
for giving me a valuable
information about the
Kenny Arts Grant for Jerry
Remembo.

Large White

The older bride,
not quite pure
and certainly not very virgin
What do a few blemishes
matter?
I made it up the aisle
didn't I, ? And I am gorgeous!

Black

Italics

The deepest impenetrable,
Rare and expensive,
We flourish in corners;
We have the hearts of ravens,
our petals are limp!

Name: White

The older brother,
not as pure
and determined as he;
what do you learn?
Write it up the white
duke 9:7 And family appear

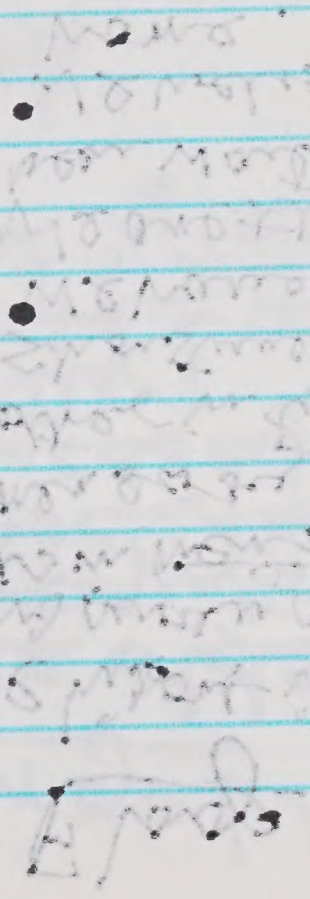
Black

= Talk?

The deserved integrity,
have one opinion,
We encounter we cannot,
We ensure the learned problem,
my problem one study!

Flags

We insist in the needs
and survey among ~~us~~ them
as in ~~wars~~ charms
men can say against death
other in time To the ~~ones~~
Shortness.
We have a secret:
We are the lovers gone
been waiting for
We welcome you
home.



Purple

In scrapbooks and diaries
you find us.
Keepsakes of the heart
We jolt your soul
like old ~~lovers~~ amours —
We are ~~the~~ déjà vus of love.

Crimson

The peculiar beauty of dried blood,
We are seasoned travellers.
In ancient church's parables and
the Mandarins culture
the memories of of dynasties.
You can trust us, (truth)
despite our age; we learned our
lesson We have the wisdom
of ~~slaughter~~ criminals.
Recovery

Wild

Not as frail as we look
We've outlived many climates.
We are heroes,
don't not fall for us.
We move on
We decorate the ~~meadows~~
and bright you have never seen freely
of the you and never heard of. crowds

IRISES

Blue

Most common and thus
taken for granted
We ~~have~~ had a history.
before all the fancy varieties
arrived,
We have seen it all.
From Victorian gardens
to bare parking lots
We have been named by
We longest the blue
mix of flowers our ancestors.
our secret ~~a secret~~ is moist.
You will remember us
despite yourself.

The Romantic Gets a Reality Check

"When it comes to love," you say
"you're full of shit. You don't really
want to live with The Guy in the House
on the Hill; you're a ~~wait~~ melancholy
watcher of life."

A $ 1.40 MA

ALC 67
Hewitt

Notebook [70 sheets blue cover], 1998, undated

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